

## THE U-2 AFFAIR

# 'Our Boy Isn't There,' U. S. Officials Hear

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On a quiet, tree-lined street in Georgetown, Washington's most fashionable residential section, a telephone rang at 11:15 a.m., the first of May, in the home of Hugh S. Cumming, jr., chief of intelligence and research of the United States Department of State. A maid answered.

Because it was Sunday, Cumming, a distinguished, white-haired member of one of Virginia's oldest families, was in church.

Not until he returned to his house on O street shortly after noon did Cumming learn that a man had called and was urgently trying to reach him. From the name, Cumming knew what it might be; the caller was his CIA contact for the U-2 operation.

The Cummings' coal-black dachshund, Gretchen, watched as her master dialed.

"Our boy isn't there," the voice on the other end of the line said carefully. "We don't know what happened to him. Although the conversation

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would have been meaningless to anyone listening, its import was chillingly clear to Cumming:

The U-2 was overdue at Bodo; it was presumed down, probably somewhere in the Soviet Union. The fate of the plane and pilot was unknown. Cumming had been the first official of the State Department notified by the CIA.

Allen Dulles did not yet know. He was, on Sunday morning, in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, receiving the Golden Rule Award.

For the moment, at least, Cumming was the official who had to act.

Although his name was unknown to the general public,